



THE
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By Mr. T O W N,

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— — — *Ego nec studium sine divite vend,*
Nec rude quid profit, video, ingenium. — — — Hor.



IF we consider that part of our acquaintance, whom we remember from their infancy, we shall find, that the expectations we once entertained of their future abilities are in many instances disappointed. Those, who were accounted heavy dull boys, have by diligence and application made their way to the first honours, and become eminent for their learning and knowledge of the world; while others who were regarded as bright lads, and imagined to possess parts equal to any scheme of life, have turned out dissolute and ignorant; and quite unworthy the title of a Genius, except in the modern acceptation of the word, by which

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it

it signifies a very silly young fellow, who from his extravagance and debauchery has obtained the name of a Genius, (like *lucus a non lucendo*) because he has no Genius at all.

It is a shocking draw-back from a father's happiness, when he sees his son blessed with strong natural parts and quick conception, to reflect that these very talents may be his ruin. If vanity once gets into his head and gives it a wrong turn, the young coxcomb will neglect the means of improvement, trust entirely to his native abilities, and be as ridiculously proud of his parts, as the brats of quality are taught to be of their family. In the mean time those, whom nature threw far behind him, are by application enabled to leave him at a distance in their turn; and he continues boasting of his Genius, till it subsists no longer, but dies for want of cultivation. Thus vanity and indolence prevents his improvement, and if he is to rise in the world by his merit, takes away the means of success, and perhaps reduces him to very miserable distresses. I know one of these early Geniuses, who scarce supports himself by writing for a bookseller; and another, who is at leisure to contemplate his extraordinary parts in the Fleet-prison.

If we look into the world, we shall find that the mere Genius will never raise himself to any degree of eminence without a close and unwearied application to his respective business or profession. The Inns of Court are full of these men of parts, who cannot bear the drudgery of turning over dry Cases and Reports; but, though they appear ever so eloquent in taverns and coffee-houses, not the nearest relation will trust them with a Brief: And many a sprightly physician has walked on foot all his life, with no more know-

knowledge of his profession than what lies in his perriwig. For whatever opinion they themselves may have of their own parts, other persons do not chuse to be bantered out of their estates, or joked out of their lives: And even in trade, the plodding men of the Alley would foretell the bankruptcy of any wit among them, who should laugh at the labour of Accounts, or despise the *Italian* Method of Book-keeping. Thus we see, that parts alone are not sufficient to recommend us to the good opinion of the world: and even these, if not roused and called forth by study and application, would become torpid and useless: as the race-horse, though not put to drag a dray or carry a pack, must yet be kept in exercise. But I shall enlarge no further on this subject, as I would not anticipate the thoughts contained in the following elegant little Fable; which (as my correspondent informs me) is written by the same ingenious hand, that obliged the public with the Verses on *Imitation*; inserted in my sixty-seventh number.

The HARE and the TORTOISE.

GENIUS, blest term of meaning wide!
(For sure no term so misapply'd,)

How many bear the sacred name,
That never felt a real flame!
Proud of the specious appellation,
Thus fools have christned Inclination.

But yet suppose a Genius true,
Exempli gratiâ, me or you.
Whate'er he tries with due intention,
Rarely escapes his apprehension;

Surmounting

Surmounting ev'ry opposition,
 You'd swear he learnt by intuition.
 Should he presume alone on parts,
 And study therefore but by starts?
 Sure of success whene'er he tries,
 Should he forego the means to rise?
 Suppose your watch, a *Grabam* make,
 Gold if you will for value sake,
 It's springs within in order due,
 No watch, when going, goes so true:
 If ne'er wound up with proper care,
 What service is it in the wear?
 Some genial spark of *Phæbus*' rays
 Perhaps within our bosom plays.
 O how the purer rays aspire,
 If Application fans the fire!
 Without it Genius vainly tries,
 Howe'er sometimes it seems to rise;
 Nay, Application will prevail,
 When braggart parts and Genius fail.
 And now, to lay my proof before ye,
 I here present you with a story.

In days of yore, when Time was young,
 When birds convers'd as well as fung,
 And use of speech was not confin'd
 Merely to brutes of human kind;
 A forward Hare of swiftness vain,
 The Genius of the neighbouring plain,
 Would oft deride the drudging croud:
 For Geniuses are ever proud.

His

His flight, he'd boast, 'twere vain to follow
 For horse and dog, he'd beat them *bollo*;
 Nay, if he put forth all his strength,
 Outstrip his brethren *half a length*.

A Tortoise heard his vain oration,
 And vented thus his indignation.
 O Pufs! it bodes thee dire disgrace,
 When I defy thee to the race.
 Come, 'tis a match, — nay no denial,
 I lay my shell upon the trial.

'Twas done and done, all fair, a bet,
 Judges prepar'd, and distance set.
 The scamp'ring Hare outstrip'd the wind,
 The creeping Tortoise lagg'd behind,
 And scarce had pass'd a single pole,
 When Pufs had almost reach'd the goal.
 Friend Tortoise, cries the jeering Hare,
 Your burthen's more than you can bear:
 To help your speed, it were as well
 That I should ease you of your shell:
 Jog on a little faster prithee,
 I'll take a nap, and then be with thee.
 So said so done, and safely sure;
 For say, what conquest more secure?
 Whene'er he wak'd (that's all that's in it)
 He could o'ertake him in a minute.

The Tortoise heard the taunting jeer,
 But still resolv'd to *persevere*;

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Still

Still drawl'd along, as who should say
 I win, like *Fabius*, by delay;
 On to the goal securely crept,
 While Pufs unknowing soundly slept.

The betts are won, the Hare awake,
 When thus the victor Tortoise spake:
 Pufs, though I own thy quicker parts,
 Things are not always won by starts:
 You may deride my aukward pace,
 But *slow and steady* wins the race.

* * *It is necessary to acquaint the Public, that the Twelves Edition of the CONNOISSEUR, in Two neat Pocket Volumes, will be published here at the Meeting of the Parliament; that Mr. Faulkner's Irish Edition is without the Knowledge or Consent of the Authors and Proprietors; but for the Satisfaction of the Gentlemen in Ireland, Mr. WILSON, Bookseller in Dublin, (and no other) will be furnished with a GENUINE COPY of the English Edition of this Work in Twelves, to reprint with the Consent and Approbation of the Authors.*